

HOSPITALITY

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Atlanta, Georgia
Permit No. 1264

Providing hospitality to the homeless and to those in prison, through Christ's love.
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212 * 404/874-9652; 874-7964 (FAX)

vol. 14, no. 3

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

March 1995



The homeless and their advocates protest ceremonies to celebrate completion of construction of Atlanta's newest city jail, built to house more of Georgia's ever growing population of inmates.

When Is One More Jail Too Many?

by Murphy Davis

There are those days when you have an experience that makes it seem that all time is compressed. I had one like that when I stood the other day with 40 other advocates and homeless people outside the new Atlanta City Detention Center (ACDC). It was so cold that our toes and noses were numb but there was a fire in us as we chanted and sang.

The scene and the words were all too much like one just a short 14 years ago. On October 2, 1981 another set of city bureaucrats stood in front of the "new" \$14.2 million jail to dedicate it. They too bustled and congratulated themselves. It was a jail—or excuse me—a facility "built to incorporate the most advanced concepts in public safety design anywhere in the nation..." said then-Mayor Maynard Jackson. They clipped a festive ribbon with gigantic oversized scissors and celebrated that in this jail "humane conditions" would be insured.

The scene practically repeated itself on January 31, 1995. Again the bureaucrats collected, this time in front of a \$67 million "state-of-the-art" jail. Maynard Jackson was there again, but this time it was Mayor Bill Campbell who clipped the ribbon with the oversized scissors. The podium was wrapped in a huge yellow ribbon (!) and one speaker after another promised that this one would be a "humane" jail. They were all madder than hornets about our protest and called out the riot squad to glare at us and threaten arrest.

But we seem to have passed the time when rational discussion about jails and prisons has any place in public discourse. In 1977 it was possible to raise real questions and issues about whether or not we should build a new jail. (Though, of course, they built it anyway). But in 1994-5 with things as they are, fueled by the Olympic fury, the decisions were made, the funding put in place and the 8 story building was built before public discussion was invited.

Something about the process of building a new jail, at least in Atlanta, seems to preclude honesty and democratic process.

In 1977, as Maynard Jackson worked to secure funding for the "new" jail, he cut a back-room deal to get the Atlanta School Board to give up its claim on one half of a federal Public Works Act grant. He persuaded the Board to accept only \$2.2 million so that the city could have \$5 million for the jail. In exchange, said Maynard Jackson, the School Board would receive some free utilities. The City Council was furious, voted it down, and the deal was nixed. Later, however, the City received \$5 million for the jail and the Board of Education \$2.2 million for a school.

The plans provided for a 200 bed jail that could later be expanded to house 300. The old jail on Decatur Street already held 250. Cutting the numbers down required an array of alternative services (an expanded pre-trial release program, de-tox services for drug and alcohol related arrests, etc.) The estimated cost of those services was \$800,000 per year. The federal grant required that these services be in place, but the city never made a serious effort to fund the programs or plan a way to get them up and running. In his efforts to get the federal grant, Mayor Jackson promised the regulators that the new facility would be a "detention center" rather than a jail and incarcerated would be housed there for "no more than six hours."

In 1977, Diane Wood and I wrote a very long report on the jail plans in an effort to get City Council to stop the plan. The report concluded:

The fact is: the City has yet to demonstrate a real commitment and ability to (structure and fund federally-mandated requirements), yet promises seem to abound that the money and mechanisms will appear with a new jail. Yet, a new building promises nothing, except perhaps a brick-and-mortar monument to the decision-makers who helped build it. And a disastrous monument it could turn out to be.

The flip-side is that the City doesn't have to wait for a new building in order to enact necessary, long overdue reforms. Money and mechanisms could be committed now to lowering the jail population; indeed, if necessary, existing buildings in the city could be renovated and used to house minimum security incarcerated. The truth is—if real

commitment to changing Atlanta's criminal justice system exists, it does not have to wait to manifest itself in a new jail. If the commitment is not there, no building, no matter how large or attractive, will solve the city's problems.

(continued on page 2)



Riot squad, in military-style formation, stands poised to threaten protesters.

HOSPITALITY



910 Ponce de Leon

Hospitality is published 11 times a year by the Open Door Community (PCUS), Inc., an Atlanta community of Christians called to ministry with the homeless poor and with prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and letters are welcomed. Inclusive language editing is standard. For more information about the life and work of the Open Door, please contact any of the following:

Murphy Davis--Southern Prison Ministry

Ed Loring--Correspondence

Ed Loring--Resident Volunteer Co-ordinator; Guest Ministry

Dick Rustay--Group Work Project Co-ordinator

Murphy Davis--Hardwick Prison Trip

Jeannie Lukkar--Volunteer Co-ordinator

Newspaper

Editorial Staff--Murphy Davis, Ed Loring, Gladys Rustay, Michael Galovic, and Dick Groepper

Layout--Gladys Rustay, Michael Galovic, and Dick Groepper

Copy Editing--Michael Galovic and Dick Groepper

Circulation--Phillip Williams and a multitude of earthly hosts and guests

Subscriptions or change of address--Gladys Rustay

(A \$7 donation to the Open Door would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing Hospitality.)

(Jail, continued from page 1)

It goes without saying, the commitment was not there. The mayor and others were willing to say what the federal regulators needed to hear, but then seemed never to have the slightest intention to create or expand the programs that would have meant fewer people in jail. As a result, as soon as the strains of the pomp of opening ceremonies had faded away, the new "facility" quickly became what the old jail had been for so many years: a dirty, overcrowded dungeon where the poor languished, their promised "six hours" dragging into days, weeks and months. Yes, the poor. Bail is and always has been an option for the middle and upper class except in a very few cases. The "new" jail quickly became a building and a system so over-burdened that it was not safe for prisoners or their keepers.

The expansion to 300 beds was not enough. Double-bunking stretched capacity and 550, but the jail population has in recent years ranged from 800 to 1200. Prisoners sleep on thin mats inches apart from each other on the floor. So the "Pre-Trial Detention Center" was found in so few years to be not enough. And this city—where the schools are dying, the streets and bridges are caving in, police raises can't be afforded, the children are among the poorest in the nation, and the infant mortality rate exceeds that of most third-world nations—this city found more than \$67 million to build a new jail.

The city has announced the ACDC as a \$56 million jail. But the fact is, in 1992, the city authorized the issuance of \$67,700,000 in "certificates of participation" (C.O.P.'s) to finance the project: \$56 million for the actual building and another \$11 million for the cost of issuance, debt service reserve and interest on the C.O.P.'s. C.O.P.'s are a recently-devised financial scheme to acquire money for public projects without having to ask citizens to vote on a bond referendum. By issuing the \$67 million in C.O.P.'s for the jail the mayor

and city council have committed Atlanta taxpayers to a 25-year debt; but Atlanta citizens had no opportunity to discuss, much less vote on the decision. By the time interest is compounded and the principal paid off in the year 2017, we will have paid \$136,646,412.71 for the Atlanta City Detention Center. And surely that will give it time to become another filthy, severely overcrowded, disease-infested "old" jail. Some bureaucrat will then be clamoring for a new "humane" jail and a new financial scheme to go with it.

In the meantime, significant questions remain unanswered. In repeated calls to the Atlanta Department of Corrections we failed to find an answer to the question of what portion of the ACDC will be pre-trial detention and what portion will imprison those convicted of city ordinance offenses. Since this jail will also replace the old Key Road Prison Farm, it will provide significant space for men and women serving sentences of several days to six months.

In a pre-trial detention center everyone is held together (except those who can get bail or Release on Recognizance) until a preliminary hearing in municipal court. During this hearing, if the judge finds probable cause in a case involving a felony or misdemeanor, the case is bound over to Fulton or DeKalb County. At that point such prisoners are moved to the county jail. Only men and women convicted of a city ordinance offense will stay in the Atlanta City Detention Center. Without exception, every conviction on a city ordinance violation carries the choice between a fine and jail time (e.g., \$120 or 30 days). It seems fair to say that those who can afford to pay the fine usually pay it and leave. Those left to do the jail time are those who cannot afford to pay the fine. So in a strict sense, the post-conviction section of the Atlanta City Detention Center has been built exclusively for poor people. Those who do their time there will be those convicted of public urination, trespassing in a parking lot, disorderly while intoxicated, prostitution (this means street hookers, not the women who work the executive suites), aggressive panhandling, etc. Poor people's crimes. And poor people's time.

In 1990, then-Mayor Maynard Jackson responded to the Imperial Hotel takeover by promising to build 3,500 units of Single Room Occupancy housing for the homeless. Maynard left office, and the promise is unfulfilled. Mayor Bill Campbell has shown no evidence that he will assume responsibility for the promise. Probably what they would all say is "there just aren't funds available." But for a jail they have found \$67 million. That's a cost of nearly \$61,000 per bed for the 1,100 beds they will eventually have. And they will spend another \$6,000 per prisoner in operating costs for every 90-day sentence served.

Joyce Brookshire's poignant song asks, "What'll we do with the homeless when the Olympics come to town?"

The city has provided us with a \$136 million answer. It's one jail too many.

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door and Director of Southern Prison Ministry in Georgia. Paul Scouten and Joe Dan Walker contributed research for this article.

All of the Open Door cars have well over 100,000 miles, and upkeep is becoming costly.

Do you have a vehicle to donate?

Please call us at 876-6977.



BETWEEN THE BARS

-An Occasional Column

by Ed Loring

1. From House Jacking to Car Jacking to Life Together

The lottery is nothing new in Georgia. Neither is car jacking. In the year 1829 GOLD was discovered in Dahlonega, Georgia on the land owned by the Cherokee Nation. Gold in the 19th Century and consumer items in the 20th Century have done strange things to the American people. After gold was discovered in Dahlonega, a hunger and thirst for wealth grasped the white population of Georgia. Shortly thereafter the State of Georgia held a land lottery. People were able to win lots, houses and farms from this land lottery. The only problem with gambling for private property was that the land was already owned. Nonetheless, the State of Georgia and its citizens went ahead and put the Native American farms on the lottery. When white people won the land, they scurried to their new property. Finding a Cherokee family on the land some of the white prospectors, famished for gold, would demand that the Cherokees leave. Others simply went up and shot the inhabitants in their homes. Sometimes women were raped, and other times houses were burned. It did not matter. The white man saw a house and a piece of land that he wanted, he took it, it was legal; Georgia had the lottery!

Too many times these days we read in our newspaper or experience in our own lives the realities of car jacking. How terrible such a violent and vicious crime! I sometimes wonder where in the world the inclination came for such behavior. The taking of another person's property, sometimes leading to murder, sometimes leading to rape, always involving violence and the breakdown of human community and trust. I am very ashamed of European American history in the state of Georgia and the way that we "house jacked" the homes and land of Native Americans. We in the state of Georgia have yet to pay restitution to the Native Americans, to confess our sins, and to live on these lands in freedom and equality with Native Americans. Perhaps we could diminish the role of car jacking in our city and state if we were to confess our sins of the past and make restitution. We could then reach out to those people who are so damaged and harmed that they would take cars and lives from people on our streets. Car jackers today are much like the house jackers of yesterday.

If we confess our "house jacking" of Native Americans here in the state of Georgia, there is a likelihood that we would be able to find the resources within our personal lives and in our communities to reach out to those who do car jackings and bring them back within the folds of our families.

We must live by hope in these terrible days. Hope that God's reign and the Beloved Community will come more fully into our lives. As we celebrate God's movement in our history and the beauty and power of the creation about us, we are led to a sense of contrition for our own sins that have so shaped the world. We are all linked together. I have a sister somewhere in the North Carolina mountains who is a Cherokee Indian. I have an ancestor who was a gold prospector who "house jacked" homes away from Native Americans. I have a brother who roams our streets in his car at 3:00 A.M. in the mornings. Sometimes he car jacks and hurts and maims my sister. Let us bind our lives together in ways to bring love and justice to this city. Let us stop thievery and violence and be about restitution and reconciliation. That is working out our salvation with fear and trembling.

2. "Joseph of Arimathea on fourth down and 95 yards to go"

In response to a request for a subscription to the Atlanta Constitution, I wrote the following to a good friend in prison way down in south Georgia.

I am sorry to say that the Open Door Community cannot afford to pay a subscription for you to the newspaper. I wish there was some way I could help, because I am so interested in people reading the news. I am not very interested in people reading the sports page because I think that professional and even college sports in this country are used as a diversion. I think that the primary "god" in North America is entertainment and for most people, particularly men, the primary entertainment is professional sports. Professional sports makes people into observers rather than participants. I have seen stadiums where grown men get paid over a million dollars to throw a dead pig to another grown man while those who are cleaning the benches and stands are paid \$4.25 per hour. The next morning those people, who have played the game for a million dollars, get up, look at the paper and read the business page. On the other hand, those people who have cleaned the benches at \$4.25 an hour read the sports page. It would make more sense to me if those people who were playing the game read the sports page and those people who are economically oppressed would read the business page. But then in America we have what I call, and others do as well, soft totalitarianism. Why are you in prison? Why are the overwhelming number of people

(continued on page 4)

Share the Resurrection Morning With Our Homeless Friends

Each Easter, the Open Door Community gathers at sunrise with the homeless in our city, amidst flowers and balloons, to share in worship and a ham and eggs breakfast.

We need and appreciate your help in providing this Easter meal which is served to 500 folks. Our needs include: Ham, Eggs, Grits, Sweet Rolls, Ground Coffee, Money, Flowers, and Balloons.

Join us for Worship and Breakfast on Easter Sunday
Morning,
6:30am, 23 Butler Street.



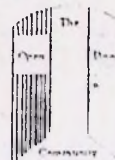
Rita Corbin

Holy Week with the Homeless

We invite you to join us for worship and/or a 24-hour period of solidarity with our friends on the street during Holy Week.

Services of Worship,
(April 9 - 16):

PALM SUNDAY	Open Door Community, 5pm
MONDAY	Grady Hospital, Butler St., 5pm
TUESDAY	City Jail, Peachtree St., SW, 5pm
WEDNESDAY	Trust Co. Bank, Park Place, 5pm
MAUNDY THURSDAY	City Hall, Trinity Ave., 5pm
GOOD FRIDAY	State Capitol, Washington St., 5pm
HOLY SATURDAY	City Shelter, Jefferson St., 5pm
EASTER MORNING	23 Butler St., 6:30am Worship of the Resurrected Lord Followed by a ham and egg breakfast



(Between, continued from page 3)

in prison African American men? And yet most of the people that you are around talk about sports. Why don't they talk about the meaning of the African American liberation struggle? Why don't they talk about how they can convert the guards at the prison to join the movement for peace and justice? Why don't they talk about their refusal to work for less than \$10 per hour minimum wage? So you can see that I am interested in people reading the newspaper but I have little interest in people learning about sports. As you may recall from the time that you lived here at the Open Door, we do not watch television. This is not the exclusive but certainly a primary reason why we watch no TV in our community. It is very difficult to follow Jesus and watch TV. Just like it used to be very difficult to be a Pharisee and a disciple. Praise God for Joseph of Arimathea.

Dear Ed,

Thank you for your most welcome letter! As ever, I found great pleasure in your concern.

Here's hoping that all is well with you all there at the Open Door and I send my regards to all. I am as well as expected under these circumstances. Things here are the same as always, except that I now attend college classes four evenings each week. On January 9, 1995, Thomas College in Thomasville, Georgia, started a college course program here.

Anyway, please accept my apology for not writing to you sooner. You're correct in your guess—it, (the newspaper), has to be sent directly from the newspaper company. The institution has now subscribed to an Atlanta newspaper. Again you're right, most guys here only read the sports section, especially African Americans! I am glad you spoke on the subject and I have been speaking to some of the guys about it also—very interesting.

One of my college courses is American Government, and I am getting some insight as to how it is *supposed* to be. I am beginning to think that the idea, in general, was intended to be a good one from the start, but...

Hope to hear from you again soon, God bless.

Sincerely,

Douglas

3. Trusties—Wanted Dead or Alive

Trusties in Prison:

Mickey Camp's father taught me much about how to live and how to die. Mac lives in my heart and will hold my hand when the Big No grins at me in the horror of the blinding sun. I am thankful for Mac Camp; and my friendship with Mickey.

Mickey Camp is the warden of the Clayton County Correctional Institution (i.e. Prison) in Lovejoy, Georgia. What better place to put a prison than Lovejoy? Doublespeak, Mr. Stringfellow?

Not long ago a trusty from that prison learned that Zell Miller's new plans to make Georgia safe would add 2 years to his prison term. One day as he worked at his no-pay (slavery?) job as a janitor at Tara Field County Airport, he silently slipped upstairs to a storage room in a hangar. There he slid a piece of rough rope around his neck and committed suicide. He was considered by those who caged him "well-adjusted." But maybe they did not know the delights and griefs of his very human heart. At any rate, he is dead and Georgia is still one of the most violent places in American to live and die.

My brother's death caused me to reflect on the meaning of trusty in our society. Please let me know your thoughts.

Trusties In American Culture:

During the days and nights of slavery there were some African Americans who were trusted and received special privileges. Malcom X called them House N-gg-(s), but I have in mind the more personal servants for the master and mistress, and perhaps the older children: one's personal slave.

We see Trusties of The Prison System every time we go to visit on Death Row. Wardens, like slave owners, have Trusties. They are usually in the parking lot at the prison washing the warden's car or the prison vans. Sometimes they work in the small flower patch at the tunnel entrance to the prison. They get special privileges of being outside and being under less control.

Our corporate system has Trusties: one or two Blacks on the Board or a Vice President here and there. Our most prestigious Trusty is Clarence Thomas. He is George Bush's and the U.S. Senate's Trusty as he sits on the U.S. Supreme Court. He is the other side of Willie Horton, the Republican's bad man slave, whom Malcom X would call a Field N-gg—.

Ed Loring is a partner at the Open Door.

LABOR POOLS IN DOWNTOWN ATLANTA

By Charles Haddock



PAUL SCOUTEN

CM Sherman and I visit labor pools once a month on our street tours. We have found them to be disgraceful places for the poor. Below is Charles Haddock's reflection on his experience of working out of these labor pools.

- Ed Loring

Upon visiting the labor pools in downtown Atlanta, We observed the following physical conditions:

1. There were not enough chairs to seat the laborers.
2. Chairs there were broken up.
3. At one labor pool, there was a dead mouse on the floor.

The laborers were asked two questions:

1. Are you here to work or to visit?
2. Do you have work boots?

We found the wage paid is \$4.25 an hour. There are extra fees and hindrances such as:

1. Transportation costs.
2. Check cashing costs.
3. The laborer has to furnish his own work boots and clothing.

We make the following suggestions concerning the physical condition of the labor pool:

1. The floors should be swept and mopped.
2. There should be adequate seating for the laborers.
3. Boots and work clothes should be furnished by or rented by the labor pool.
4. Laborers should be treated as human beings.

We are concerned about the wage paid. A wage of \$4.25 an hour will not buy a meal in Atlanta. It will not pay the rent. The laborer has no way or means of getting out of the slump he is in.

We make the following suggestions concerning the wage paid:

1. A 50/50 split between the labor pool and laborer. Example: If the labor pool is paid \$10 an hour per laborer, then the laborer gets paid \$5 an hour. There is no transportation cost and no check cashing cost, and the labor pool is to furnish work boots and work clothing at no cost to the laborer.
2. A 35/65 split between the labor pool and the laborer, respectively. Example: If the labor pool is paid \$10 an hour per laborer, then the laborer gets paid \$6.50 an hour. There is no transportation cost and no check cashing cost, but the laborer is to furnish his work boots and work clothing.
3. A minimum wage set to be paid by the labor pool to the laborer. Example: a wage of \$7.00 an hour with no transportation and no check cashing costs. The labor pool can rent the work boots and work clothing to the laborer or the laborer can furnish his own.

Editor's note: Charles Haddock is a frequent visitor to our Butler Street morning breakfast. Mr. Haddock, though hindered by a physical handicap known as spastic cerebral palsy, has the following accomplishments to his name:

- Georgia real estate agent since February 1989 (currently inactive status)
- a joint Bachelor of Arts degree in Economics & Business Administration
- J. D. Degree in Law

Presently Mr. Haddock, while unemployed, is seeking employment as a supervisor or EEO officer.

by Michael Galovic

"You're not done yet! Are you spinning your wheels on this? Here, it's like this, this and this. Now, see how easy that was?"

These are familiar words to anyone who is brand new to a fast-paced working environment. I heard these words often as I struggled in my first few years on the job, just after college. I was always trying to assimilate all that textbook knowledge into these real-life situations.

I have recently joined the Open Door Community as a Resident Volunteer. Just a few months ago, I was working in the business world and I was deeply immersed into its values and ideals. I share this piece with you which serves as a reflection of my experience both in the business world and at the Open Door Community.

I had been in the accounting profession for over 10 years. The first five years I spent working as a CPA for a regional accounting firm in the Midwest. For the past five years, prior to joining the Open Door, I worked as the Controller for a company in Florida. I was responsible for overseeing the operations of the 4 to 5 people who worked in the office.

The company had just been purchased out of bankruptcy. It was in disarray, and so the task of the purchasers and their management team was to reorganize it and make it profitable. My area of responsibility was to restructure and oversee the office operations. My first few years were spent finding the right personnel, reassigning job duties, and streamlining and reorganizing the flow of accounting information and other office memoranda.

I remember Carol. She was an administrator when I began my employ. I liked her. She was intelligent, organized and a good worker. Being new to the operations, my first task was to learn what everyone was doing. And so I sat down with Carol and asked her about her duties and responsibilities. At one point in the conversation I asked her if she was a "numbers person" or a "writing person". She responded with a definitive yes to being a "writing person". Well that was strange I thought since most of her job duties were "numbers" oriented tasks.

I terminated Carol's employment. She wasn't the kind of person we needed. Later I found out through a friend of hers that she was very resentful of me for this act. I was doing it for her own good, I thought. I was helping her find work more attuned to her skills.

The company became very successful within the 5 years I was associated with it. Our management team, especially the current President, had done well in achieving an efficient, "well-tuned machine," and as a result, the company was very profitable.

At one point during my employ, I was volunteering on Friday afternoons for the Mental Health Association. I befriended a woman named Shirley. She was a schizophrenic but her condition, through medication, enabled her to hold a steady job. One day we were talking about her job and her career ambitions. She explained to me that she was interested in discovering whether she would like office work. Her present job had required a lot of standing, and the hours were really inconvenient. She knew of my work and position and asked me if I would consider hiring her. I believe I had previously mentioned to her that I was looking to replace one of my employees.

I was taken back by her request. I stuttered and looked away shamefacedly. I didn't know what to tell her. I imagined the office with her, me and the president of the company all working at our desks. I imagined the type of work she would do. I imagined the response of the president. You see, Shirley was a wonderful person, very caring and friendly, BUT, she was not efficient! I could just see her trudging slowly through some paperwork, picking up and putting down an invoice two or three times to make sure she had all the information in her head. (We were taught that you should never pick up a letter or other piece of paper more than once. Read, review or study it, decide what to do with it, and then act.) I could see her studying the computer screen, making sure she had hit all the correct keystrokes in entering an invoice. What I didn't see was her holding invoices in her left hand and rapidly tapping away on the computer keyboard, keeping her gaze fixed on the invoice only, never stopping to watch her hands or the screen. I didn't see her working efficiently.

Then I imagined the president. His response was easy to predict. We had many meetings together over the inefficiency of one of our staff people. Either he or I would initiate such meetings. Never could we tolerate inefficiency. The inefficient worker was always promptly removed from our workforce. If I hired Shirley, she wouldn't last a week.

My experience in business is that the highest good is profitability.

Productivity, Efficiency and Christianity

The primary means of attaining this good is by running efficient and productive operations. All of the successful business leaders I worked with over the years were experts at efficiency and productivity. Read any business or entrepreneurial publication and you will always see productivity held in the highest regard.

But what of this productivity?

Over the years of pulling the company out of bankruptcy, our operations became more efficient. And I began to notice that our employees seemed much happier. I no longer had secretaries in tears in my office describing the ill treatment given them by one of our mechanics. Customers were happier too. No longer did we get regular customer complaints referring to problems they were having with their equipment, which we had recently "supposedly" repaired. The company became a pleasant place to work.

That was good. Efficiency has its advantages. Even profitability can be nice, and because of our increased profits we were able to provide a Christmas party that included dinner, entertainment and a room in a nice hotel for the night for all of our employees.

But wait. What is management's intent when giving good Christmas parties to employees? In the NAFTA debate with Al Gore, Ross Perot said that we need to increase the standard of living of Mexican workers because when people are happy, they are more productive. Just the type of comment I have learned to expect to hear from business leaders. The "means" of Mr. Perot's comment are wonderful. I would love to see the standard of living raised for workers. The "ends" of Mr. Perot's comment are worth noting. Why do we raise the standard of living for workers? To be more productive—to make more profits.

It is these ends and the primary means for these ends, for which business leaders make their decisions, that are a concern to me. I was responsible for consulting on financial matters for many business leaders over the years. On any decision we made, our goal was *always* to increase profits. Usually this included some ploy to make the employees feel better about us (the management team), which came in the form of something like an expensive Christmas party. Happy workers mean greater profits.

Recently I was making a buying decision at the Open Door Community. There was an interest in the Community to provide an alternative to the tuna salad sandwiches we were handing out to guests during our soup kitchen. I was explaining to Ed Loring that I had come up with some healthy alternatives at the same price but I went on regretfully to explain that I could not come up with anything more economical. Ed quickly told me that our goal was not to cheapen our services, but that while we strive for providing the most for the least cost, it is not our desire to sacrifice quality for price. Ed continued to explain that we cared about our guests and that our ministry was not one of constant cost cutting and profit watching, but it was one of caring.

I was taken back by Ed's response. It was a different way of accomplishing a task than I was accustomed to. I have had to reorient my thinking during my stay here.

It seems to me that efficiency and productivity are not bad ideals in and of themselves; however, it is unloving to treat them as the primary means to a highest ideal. It may just have been an important growth experience for Carol and Shirley to work for me. And who knows what benefits I may have received by patiently ministering to their struggles along the way? Who knows what benefits I may have received by seeing their way of doing things or their way of perceiving our work situation? Luckily, the Open Door Community has not adopted this business way of thinking.

I came here without many skills relative to the work here. I ate at fast food restaurants instead of cooking at home—it was more efficient. I moved frequently and so I could be lax in my cleaning tasks around my apartment. Oh I would lose a lot of security deposits because, upon leaving, I left the responsibility of doing the cleaning up to the landlord. Time was better spent at work than at doing detailed cleaning at home.

I am grateful to the Open Door leaders for giving me the opportunity to learn to cook and run the soup kitchen. Cooking is a wonderful outlet for my creative energy. I never realized I needed such an outlet. I suppose I am not the most efficient cook and I am certainly not the best. In fact, currently, I have the least amount of cooking skills of the other cooks in the house. But like, what could have been the case with Carol and Shirley, I needed the chance.

Learning to get my needs met, expanding my horizons, and other aspects of personal growth are all wonderful means to the goal of the Christian life. I believe that Christian values necessitate a rethinking of our business world's ideas about efficiency and productivity.

Michael Galovic is a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door.

I HEAR HOPE BANGING ON MY BACK DOOR

Last month we introduced the final parts of this eighteen month series with the question "What have we heard and learned in the HOPE that raps upon our back door?" We have learned, we confessed, that Jesus speaks to us in the cry of the poor and his word to us is LOVE. Love one another. Using supper as the central symbol of a hospitable love which reaches out concretely to the homeless and prisoner we proclaimed: "Justice is important, but supper is essential." What good does it do us if we have a just society but there is no love? We may have the church filled with the halt and blind and bankers and advocates, but if we have no love, the church is nothing. We may have thousands of members and a pipe organ to boot, but if we are not black and white and brown and yellow and red and rich and poor, we are little more than a country club.

How do we love each other? How do we live together? We share supper. Among the most telling questions of our lives and faith are: with whom do we eat? Where do we eat? What do we eat? How much do we eat? Even the starving in our midst eat something, sometime. By both prophetic faith and ethical living in the world of politics, commerce and culture, we are invited to formulate and practice an answer to the fundamental question of the Scriptures: How do we live together?

We share bread. We share table. The Lord's Supper is the center of our life together.

Community: Shared Life at the Supper Table

When we come to table and eat together we are given the best gift of all: a common life of love and sharing. We are given community! There are two dimensions of the common life I want to reflect upon as we eat and share with the poor and prisoners.

Mike Galovic is a resident volunteer at the Open Door Community. Shortly after his arrival last summer, we spent a day on the streets together



Part IX: Vision and Solidarity, Section B: Community and Justice

by Ed Loring

visiting and listening to our homeless and hungry friends. While slouching on the no longer existent benches at Woodruff Park, Mike told me of a recent event with a friend of his in Florida.

Mike's friend owns a very fine sailing boat that he keeps anchored at a marina. One day the friend discovered that a homeless man was sleeping in his boat. The owner initially let the event pass, but soon realized the man with nowhere to go was now living in his boat. Mike's friend responded with gifts of food and blankets and then visited the man. Not long afterward, he gave the man a bucket and long-handled window washer, and asked him to wash windows at his business in return for a room at a hotel. If you give a man a fish he gets hungry at the next supper time; if you teach him how to fish he can eat forever. The act was loving and kind, generous and caring. The homeless man took his new tools, thanked the boat owner and began work. Shortly thereafter, Mike's friend checked on the man's progress, but the man had disappeared, never to be seen again.

This story illustrates so vividly and with such pathos the consequences of not listening to the poor and hungry in our midst. Love, the harsh and dreadful love in action, teaches us to listen rather than to speak. We need to receive a description of the Hell of homelessness and the poison of prison rather than prescribe our programs and desires for the lives of powerless people. We must repent from the arrogance of power and walk humbly with our God in loving servanthood.

Neither Mike, his friend nor I know why the homeless man, who stowed away each night in the bottom of a boat, disappeared. But let us use our imagination a moment. Perhaps he was acrophobic and could not work washing windows. Maybe his eyes dim or his teeth pained him. As is true with most homeless people, his feet were, perhaps, raw and toes twisted from frostbite years before. He may have been a lazy no good bum who loved hunger, sleeping in a damp boat and having no friends. He could have been an alcoholic or drug addict who sold the bucket and blade for a few hours of relief from poverty, racism, disgust and bodily pain. We do not know. But we do know this: He was a human being, a homeless man, created in the image of God and loved by Jesus.

When we listen to the poor we drop the ideology that what one needs is a job. Rather we reduce the distance and stand and listen with "ears trained by scripture" (Murphy Davis) and respond with the simple and hospitable question "How may I be helpful?" That question rooted in love and openness recreates the poor and makes them a subject of their own lives rather than an object of our programs. "How may I be helpful" gives respect but demands engagement. The question of love and relationship gives empowerment and demands servanthood. The question is gospel; it is good news to the poor!

Mike's friend was loving and did more than

most of us. But he failed to meet the homeless one in his humanity and personhood. Perhaps he would have said, "I need a bus ticket to Chicago where my brother lives." We do not know. We must change our agenda with the homeless poor. We must listen, for most want to work but are far from ready for employment. We have commercialized our relationships and we see the unemployed as people for whom a job will solve their personal and social problems. My friends, the issues are far deeper and wider than that, and it is time for you and me as well. We need love and home, family and friends, sacraments and song, living wages (\$10.00 per hour) and medicine when sick. We need each other. "How may I be helpful?" is a question and engagement that incarnates the love of God and will change our lives, as well as bring to an end homelessness, hunger, and prisons as we know them in this land.

There are biblical and theological reasons for listening to the poor with ears trained by the scriptures. As we learn from the cry of the poor--respecting the pain, anguish, hell, and hearing the truths of racism, sexism, and class violence as well the faith, courage, hope and majesty of the suffering endurance--we hear the voice of God. In the cry of the poor we hear the cry of Jesus Christ himself. We are called to conversion, to a new life in solidarity and love with those same folk who followed Jesus and sat at table and ate with him at the disgust of the Pharisees. In the cry of the homeless and prisoners, in the midst of despair and hope and love, we may, with scripture and the cloud of witnesses, discern the cry of the suffering servant who hangs on the cross for us all.

"How may I be helpful?" is not only the key to new life and a door to a shared struggle for peace and justice, the question is also the distinguishing mark of public discourse among prophetic people of faith. The difference between social work--programs for the poor designed by professionals for clients--and biblical servanthood for liberation and justice, is sacrificial love--a love which is accepting and even welcomes suffering. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. teaches us well and often that sacrificial love is the resource for redemption in our personal lives and social struggles for justice. The suffering that accompanies the "listening question" to the homeless and prisoner is the suffering of solidarity. God does it every night and day for you and me! The suffering that is part of the grace of "standing with." There is a suffering sacrificial love in accepting the consequences of life with, among, and on behalf of the oppressed and prisoner. Together, hand holding hand, we confess that we will not hide in comfort zones. We will not avoid the pain and suffering. We will not allow suburbia and segregation to shape our loves, lives nor our idea of justice. We shall reduce the distance, pick up our cross and ask, "How may I be helpful?"

The Justice Struggle: When Supper Is Not Enough

Since 1989, and my horrendous failures and sins around the Labor Pool Reform movement, I have learned two important truths. First, although I cannot leave or arrive at the Open Door Community stepping over people or stepping into their living rooms, I hear hope banging at my back door. Those who live in our yard are neighbors to me, my

brothers and sisters, and they have given me the gift of staying here. Secondly, justice is important—I am spending my life on the justice journey—But supper is essential. I also know as an affluent, white, male, church-raised debutant-marshall Christian that supper is not enough.

Our vision is a gift from the grand old prophet and poet Isaiah.

"The Lord says, 'I am making a new earth and new heavens...People will build houses and get to live in them—they will not be used by someone else. They will plant vineyards and enjoy the wine- it will not be drunk by others...Wolves and lambs will eat together, lions will eat straw, as cattle do, and snakes will no longer be dangerous. On Zion, my sacred hill, there will be nothing harmful or evil.

(Isaiah 65:17-25)

"There is", writes Reinhold Niebuhr, "no ultimate fulfillment in the political realm, yet there is no salvation apart from it." (Fox, R.N.) When we listen to the homeless and the convict on the basis of what we discern with ears trained by scripture and guided by the prophetic voices of our ancestors, we learn they want justice. Retributive justice precedes reconciliation taught Rev. Joseph Robert of Ebenezer Baptist Church recently to a group from the Billy Graham Crusade. "Forty acres and a mule is what we want" says Joe Beasley of Concerned Black Clergy.

There is poverty because some folk have more than their share of money. There is racism because white people have unfair social power. There is hunger and homelessness because food and housing are commodities bought and sold on a market controlled by large corporations and the rich. No group gives up their power voluntarily so we must fight, struggle, push, compromise, vote, yell, march, and educate for liberation. We must demand: No justice, No peace. Into the fray of corrupted politics we came following the one who rode into Jerusalem on a jackass and hung on a cross between two thieves.

The coming of a New Earth and New Heavens with houses for all and vineyards filled with grapes for harvest, will bring the end of soup kitchen lines, lives lived under bridges, the death penalty and forsaken children. Supper is essential but we dare to fight for justice for all in this land where equality and liberty are our dreams and hopes. Can you hear HOPE banging at your back door? Do you taste the Beloved Community in your supper meal?

"Listen! I stand at the door and knock: if anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come into their house and eat with them, and they will eat with me."

(Revelations 3:20)

...and then...

"let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an everflowing stream."

(Amos 5:24)

Conclusion: Hanging In For The Long Haul

How hard it is to live near Jesus Christ. How difficult to have hope keep banging on the back door. How humbling to have to throw ourselves into God's arms and know that it is by grace alone, not our soup kitchen or street actions, that save us. The white hot coals that burnt the sin and guilt from young Isaiah's lips crush upon our mouths even as we hope to sing a new song in this strange land of homelessness and hunger, in the midst of more than enough.

On one level, I do not blame or judge those who build fences around their yards and fill their mostly vacant houses with dogs and alarm systems. We have big bolt locks at 910 Ponce de Leon even on the back door where hope keeps banging against the shattered window pane. As a culture we seem bent on locking Jesus out (in the streets) or locking him in (in the prisons). There is not health in us.

So we hope against our experience. We hope against history. The Holy Spirit tells us in Hebrews 11 that "to have faith is to be sure of the things we hope for, to be certain of the things we cannot see. Each partner at the Open Door Community is betting their life on the victory of the cross, on the ultimate justice on earth. There will be a time when those who build houses shall inhabit them; those who plant vineyards shall drink their own wine.

Yet, we fight not for ourselves or those in the Butler Street grits line or for M. M. now asleep on our basketball court. We pour out our lives for our granddaughters and their children. Not in my lifetime...

Moses, at the time of his dying, climbed high up on Mount Nebo. Yahweh had decided that he could not go into the Promised Land. But he could see with eyes of flesh and faith the place toward which his people and his children would journey for centuries to come. For Moses that was enough. He was thankful, joyful, fulfilled as his old and tired body crumbled under the cost and commitment of the journey toward justice.

When I stand on my back porch and speak with those who live there, I often look across the yard, over the wooden fence forced upon us by lawyers and neighbors filled with fear and disgust, and with my eyes flitting above the hackberry trees onto the horizon of Atlanta, Georgia. There I see everyone housed and happy. People sharing food and singing and dancing. Yards and homes where everyone is welcome and all children are safe and well. Even the old folk have renewed strength in their knees and laughter on their lips. Christ climbs down from his bare tree and labor pools shut down. I can see it; I'll never touch it.

Years ago, Murphy and I went through our first execution. It was a beloved friend. We were afraid, confused, and angry at our God for the evil and death spewed out in the prisons and across this land. Joe Hendricks, Committee of Southern Churchfolk, sat us down and read to us from Habakkuk:

"Even though the fig trees have no fruit

and no grapes grow on the vines

even though the olive crop fails

and the fields produce no grain

even though the sheep die and the cattle stalls are empty

I will still be joyful and glad, because the LORD GOD is my SAVIOR

the Sovereign LORD gives me strength.

Yahweh makes me sure-footed as a deer

and keeps me safe on the mountains."

Yes, I hear HOPE banging on my back door! Thank you.

This concludes this nine part series entitled "I Hear Hope Banging On My Back Door." Ed Loring is a partner at the Open Door Community.

The Open Door Community Needs Resident Volunteers!



Hazel Kennedy, Paul Scouten and Michael Galovic are the current Resident Volunteers at the Open Door.

Spend 6 to 12 months as a Resident Volunteer

Live in a residential Christian community. Serve Jesus Christ and the hungry, homeless and prisoners. Bible study and theological reflections from the Base. Street actions and peaceful demonstrations. Regular retreats and meditation time at Dayspring Farm.

Contact: Ed Loring
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212
404/874-9652; 874-7964 (fax)

The Past Is Never Dead--It's Not Even Past!

Reconstruction Today, part 6

by Nibs Stroupe

Editor's note: We continue here with the sixth of a 10-part series on Reconstruction. Nibs Stroupe, pastor at Oakhurst Presbyterian Church in Decatur, GA, is active in the Civil Rights Movement and author of While We Run This Race: Countering The Power of Racism. It will be available soon.

William Faulkner's words strike home as we seek to move from post-Reconstruction to contemporary time. The similarities of the white response to Reconstruction and to the Civil Rights movements of the 1950's and 60's are both striking and disturbing. In 1875, President Grant refused to intervene in a white rebellion in Mississippi, citing the nation's weariness with it all. Today it is called "race fatigue." In both instances, most white people and some black people misjudged the depth of the power of the system of race. This failure to acknowledge the mammoth power of race is the first similarity between these two periods of time.

The second and most important similarity in the response of white people is the struggle between the ideas of "race" and "equality." This has been a struggle throughout the history of the United States, and in both Reconstruction and the Civil Rights Movement, the struggle leaned toward equality for a short while. Both of these ideas of race and equality are fundamental to the American character—that is what makes the struggle so fierce. "Race" is a construct that was created by Europeans to justify their control and exploitation of other, darker peoples. As the Europeans came to this continent, they gradually lost their identity as Europeans but kept their identity as "white people." The presence of the institution of slavery and the wealth created by it meant that "race" became rooted in the American character. White people and their European heritage came to be seen as the norm of humanity. People of darker color could not change their color, i.e. their "race," and they were thus expected to acknowledge their inferiority to the superior white culture which had won the "race." In this manner, "race" became a fixture on the American scene—white people had won the race.

Race is a fixture in the American character but not without a struggle. The system of race clashes with another fundamental idea in the American character: equality. One of the central ways that white people left behind their European identity was by emphasizing this idea of equality. Europe was left behind with its class system, with its kings and queens, with its long tradition of a wide gulf between the peasants and the nobility. In coming to America, a white person could throw off the shackles of their European past and could accomplish whatever their individual abilities would allow them to accomplish. It was seen as a society set free from the confines of the past, a society where a person could compete with others. May the best person win, unfettered by class and nobility and the Church to hinder them. The founding parents put it bluntly in the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." A fundamental part of the American character is seen here—"equality" that allows people to throw off the shackles of the past and go wherever their abilities can take them. The idea of equality has been fundamental in the making of America.

Equality. Race. As we have seen, they have clashed from the beginning of the nation in the debate over slavery and the Constitution. The struggle between these two fundamentals of the American identity led to the Civil War and to Reconstruction. The struggle led to the Civil Rights Movement. Throughout most of our history, race has prevailed over equality—some people (whites) are more equal than others. In the two short periods of Reconstruction and the Civil Rights Movement, the idea of equality began to take precedence over the idea of race.

In response to these two periods of the rise of equality, white people had two kinds of reactions to the assertion of equality over race. This is the third similarity between the two periods. The first reaction was that some white people did affirm the idea of equality. Many whites died in the Civil War, and whites were killed in racist murders in the Civil Rights Movement. In both Reconstruction and in the Civil Rights Movement, whites contributed time, money, and energy to lift up the idea of equality. There were successes—whites saw that black people could learn, could use power well; could accomplish great things, could live up to the idea of equality. One would suppose that white people would have rejoiced in this success, for it demonstrated once again the truth of the very reason for the creation of the American nation: all people are created with equal dignity.

Yet, it was the very success of these two movements that led to the second white reaction. That second reaction was a rejection of the human rights gains of the two movements because those very gains threatened the other fundament of the American character—race. If "non-Europeans," especially those who had been treated as slaves, really were people and really were equal,

what would happen to the system of race? Indeed, what would happen to the privilege and access that came with being "white" if being white in a system of no race no longer meant anything?

It is this sense of privilege and access that is key to the fact that "race" has almost invariably prevailed over "equality" in American life. The image of American life and history is that these Europeans who became Americans felt that they had cast off the shackles of class division and privilege through the idea of equality. In reality, however, the new Americans were more European than they dared to admit. They had indeed retained a system of class and a group of peasants to produce the wealth. Since it was Europeans who were inspired by this new idea of equality, the peasants we chose were not other Europeans. They were Africans brought over in the slave trade to work the land, to produce the wealth.

This is why the successes of people of African heritage in Reconstruction and the Civil Rights Movement has been so threatening to white people. These successes belie the system of race which produced the peasants and the cheap labor. If black people, too, really are equal, what does that leave white people? Can white people really compete without the crutch of the system of race? Perhaps white Americans are still more European than we want to admit. We lean on a class system, and we feel that we must have a peasant caste in order to obtain the fruits of equality. The most threatening part of the Civil Rights Movement, then, was not gaining access to lunch counters and drinking fountains. It was not even the Civil Rights Act or the Voting Rights Act. It was the affirmation throughout society of the humanity and equality of African-American people. Out of this affirmation came a black middle class. Out of this affirmation came the black refusal to accept the white agenda for black people. Out of this came a re-affirmation of black heritage and black culture, regardless of whether white culture approved. It was as if the clock had been turned back to the American Revolution, but now white Americans were the ones rejecting "equality," and black Americans were the people upholding it.

In both the periods of Reconstruction and the Civil Rights Movement, white people struggled with the ideas of race and equality. After Reconstruction, the system of race conquered the idea of equality with a vengeance. Despite the Civil War, and in spite of Reconstruction, white people still needed a peasant class to provide cheap labor. Indeed, one of the main reasons that the repression was so fierce following Reconstruction was that black people had begun publicly to claim their humanity and their equality. They no longer hid who they were from white people. The repudiation of these human rights gains of Reconstruction was severe because it was required to crush the idea of equality in black people that had become so public. To allow the idea of the equality of black people was to ruin the system of race. Whites chose race over equality.

White people are in this same struggle now after the Civil Rights Movement. The verdict is not yet in. There is not yet a clear winner in the struggle of white people between race and equality. However, the warning signs of a victory for race are flashing. It is too soon to pronounce a final verdict in the white response to the Civil Rights Movement. There are at least two sources of hope.

One source of hope is that African-American people seem to have crossed a divide that was not crossed in Reconstruction—that is, there is a depth of affirmation of the equality and humanity of black people that seems profound, regardless of how white people react. It is as if black people have gathered the strength to say "no" to white folks, to refuse to be defined by whites any more. This is an enormous resource for resisting the system of race, a resource for both black and white. It hardly seems possible that this strong affirmation can be taken away. A word of caution here, however. We have been here before. There were also strong and eloquent African-Americans after Reconstruction. Most of them were never crushed, but their people were. Race remains pervasive and powerful in our time, also as African-American scholar Henry Louis Gates, Jr., relates in *Loose Canons*:

Even I—despite a highly visible presence as a faculty member at Cornell—have found it necessary to cross the street, hum a tune, or smile when confronting a lone white woman in a campus building or on the Commons late at night. (Once a white coed even felt it necessary to spring from an elevator that I was about to enter, in the very building where my department is housed.) Nor can I help but feel some humiliation as I try to put a white person at ease in a dark place on campus at night, coming from nowhere, confronting that certain look of panic in his or her eyes, trying to think grand thoughts like Du Bois but—for the life of me—looking to him or her like Willie Horton. Grinning, singing, scratching my head, I have felt like Steppin Fetchit with a Ph. D. So much for Yale; so much for Cambridge.

(continued on page 9)

(The Past, continued from page 8)

The second source of hope is white people. Despite all that has been said about white people's choosing the system of race, there are yet white people who seek to reject it. Because the system of race is so pervasive and because white people benefit so much from it, it is difficult for any white person to reject it. Yet, throughout our nation's history, there have been whites who have been willing to go the distance in affirming equality over race. From the struggles over slavery in the framing of the Constitution to the whites who hid people escaping slavery on the Underground Railroad to the abolitionists Abby Kelley, John Brown, Thaddeus Stevens to the Populist Movement and to Anne Braden and Myles Horton and many others in modern times, there are whites who are willing to engage in the struggle for equality.

Again, a word of caution. There have been and there are whites who struggle for equality, but the system of race is so strong. Following Reconstruction, even sympathetic whites began to turn away from the idea of equality toward the idea of race. The depth and power of race seemed so overwhelming, and it seemed to be only a quixotic journey to struggle with it. It was the turning away by these whites from the ideal of equality towards the idea of race that doomed the human rights gains of Reconstruction. We will turn to those same dangerous tendencies in our time in the next part.

We continue this series on Reconstruction in the next issue of *Hospitality*.

WHILE WE RUN THIS RACE



Nibs Stroupe

Countering the Power of Racism

Nibs Stroupe, with
Inez Fleming

In a book that is challenging, illuminating, and ultimately hopeful, Nibs Stroupe, the white pastor of the multi-cultural Oakhurst Presbyterian Church in Decatur, Georgia, grapples with this question: why, after the Civil Rights movement has become part of American history, does racism still pervade society? What can be done to change this? As Stroupe unflinchingly examines racism in the United States, adding her voice is Inez Fleming, a black elder at Oakhurst, who tells the story of tears and laughter within the congregation as blacks and whites struggle together, creating an extraordinary church family.

Stroupe shows how and why race continues to entrap all Americans in its grip. He steadfastly maintains that acknowledging the power of the system of race throughout society—in our schools, courts, prisons, and housing—is the necessary first step to dismantling it. Using themes from gospel music, Stroupe convinces us that we cannot give in, or give up. This is also the story of Oakhurst, once a prosperous white church, that became a church in crisis with its membership down to 80. Yet because of a deep commitment to multi-culturalism, the church again thrives and its large congregation, almost equally black and white, actively reaches out into the surrounding inner-city community of Decatur. How did they do it? As Stroupe says, "by risking to trust one another." This inspiring book demonstrates clearly that, although racism is powerful, it is not inexorable: it can be overcome.

NIBS STROUPE has been an activist for the homeless and prison reform, as well as pastor of Oakhurst Presbyterian Church.

Inez Fleming has worked closely with Pastor Stroupe in developing and leading workshops that promote multi-racial leadership and understanding.

"The diversity which we feared has empowered us to confront God's truth in the world."

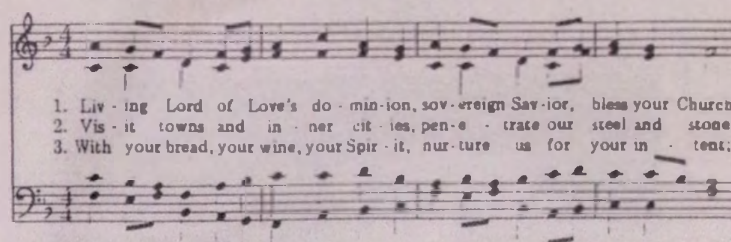
Orbis Books
140pp.
ISBN 1-57075-000-9
Paper \$12.95

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-258-5838

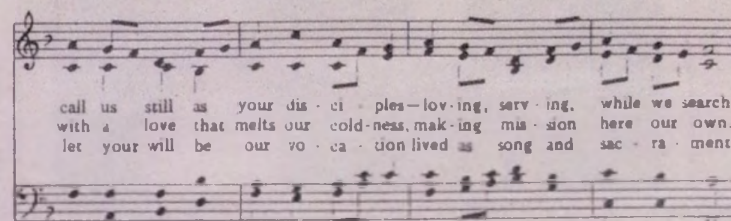


Inez Fleming

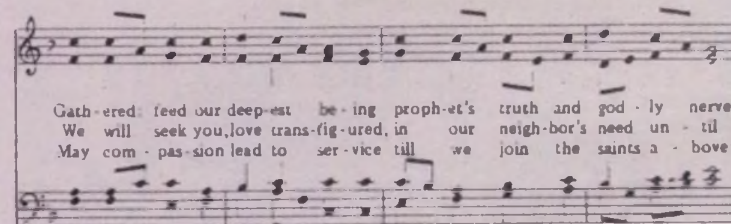
Living Lord of Love's Dominion



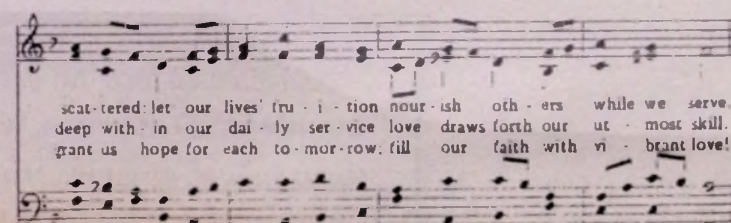
1. Liv-ing Lord of Love's do-min-ion, sov-ereign Sav-ior, bless your Church
2. Vis-it towns and in-ner cit-ies, pen-e-trate our steel and stone
3. With your bread, your wine, your Spir-it, nur-ture us for your in-tent;



call us still as your dis-ci-ple—lov-ing, serv-ing, while we search.
with a love that melts our cold-ness, mak-ing mis-sion here our own.
let your will be our vo-ca-tion lived as song and sac-ra-ment.



Gath-ered: feed our deep-est be-ing proph-et's truth and god-ly nerve;
We will seek you, love trans-fig-ured, in our neigh-bor's need un-til
May com-pas-sion lead to ser-vice till we join the saints a-bove;



scat-tered: let our lives' fru-i-tion nour-ish oth-ers while we serve.
deep with-in our dai-ly ser-vice love draws forth our ut-most skill.
grant us hope for each to-mor-row, fill our faith with vi-brant love!

WORDS: David A. Robb

PLEADING SAVIOR

MUSIC: Leavitt's *The Christian Lye*, 1830

8.7.8.7.D.

Words Copyright 1992 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188. All Rights Reserved.

Written as a hymn on the mission of the Church, this was inspired by the work of the "Open Door Community." The hymn was first sung at Hinton United Methodist Church of Pickens County, Georgia, on February 26, 1989. David Robb is a Methodist minister in Dalton, Georgia.

*- Please Continue
to Pardon
Our Glitch -*

*Did you receive your February Hospitality?
Did you receive multiple copies?*

*Our computer has been playing tricks on us and we
may have missed it. Some of you have let us know and
we appreciate it. Please bear with us and if you missed
an issue, we will be happy to send one to you.*

Thank you for your patience.

Thank You

Thank You
Wesley Woods



We are grateful to our many friends at Wesley Woods who support us with donations, prayers, collecting warm clothing, visits, knitting warm hats, and other encouragement. Pictured here are L-R (seated): Ethel Grimstead, William "Tat" Tatenghost, and Agnes Dunn. (Standing) Lewis Sinclair, Bernice Spruell, Warren Elgitt, Frances Pauley, Mary Eastland, Neal M. Brock, and Emmie Morris

Thank You

Thank You

Thank You
Teens in Action



The Teens in Action of Decatur Housing Authority recently went door-to-door in Decatur Public Housing to collect canned goods for the Open Door soup kitchen. Pictured here are (L-R): Daemion Morse, Katrina Daniel, Darien Woods, Keyonia Jackson, Dee Simmons & Nicole Daniel with their staff advisor, Judith Jennings.

As we daily face hundreds of people who are homeless, hungry, wounded, and in prison, we have little to give except what thousands of generous friends give us to give away.

We are grateful to all who are partners with us in this work; and we pray that love will grow among us all to move us toward the Beloved Community.

Thank You
IndigoGirls



During their recent Atlanta concert tour, long-time friends and supporters Amy Ray & Emily Saliers gave one of their guitars—a Gibson Epiphone—to be auctioned off on the air at 99-X Radio to benefit the Open Door. The gift brought \$850 for the Community.

Thank You
College Students



January brought the first of ten or more students who will spend several days or a week with us sharing fully in our life and work. Warren Wilson College students (pictured above left) came for 10 days as part of their course "The Streets and Prisons: Disposable People in a Culture of Abundance" taught each year by Ed Loring & Murphy Davis. Others, like the group from Presbyterian College (pictured above right), came as part of a course or for an alternative Spring break. We welcome their joy and energy.

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear People:

The Other Side magazine had a note in its column called "Sidelines" with regard to prison labor being farmed out to private business. My hunch sometime ago was that such would be a coming trend in light of the burgeoning prison population and the enormously escalating costs. The argument would be that these inmates are having a vacation on taxpayers' expense. So they should pay for it, and thus, one privatizes prisoners at a low cost wage. This goes hand in hand with privatizing the construction and operation of prisons where these corporations will no doubt make handsome profits, and this also at taxpayers' expense, but never mind that. I see all this as an abject, repulsive abdication of public responsibility. Since such a large proportion of the prison population is black, they will constitute the main body of this cheap labor, and we are back to involuntary servitude.

However, it came as a surprise to me that this marketing of prison labor is already taking place. The Other Side referred to the April 1994 issue of Hospitality as its source.

Sincerely yours,

H. Otto Dahlke
Richmond, VA

Dear Friends,

I thought Murphy Davis' article on the front page of the November issue of Hospitality was a masterpiece, and I don't believe I ever read a more thoughtful, sensitive, in-depth piece on Matthew 25 and its implications. Obviously, it's power comes from an authentic life.

With grateful appreciation,

Nancy Lee Head
Arlington, VA

Dear Murphy and Ed,

I hope you and your children and community are well and happy. I am fortunate in receiving many good papers and journals, but none inspire me as does yours. What real people it deals with.

My love and prayers,

Jim Sunderland, S.J.
Archdiocesan Jail Chaplain
Denver, CO

Dear Friends at the Open Door,

Thank you for your word of encouragement through Barry Burnside. It's a beautiful calendar, and I will treasure it throughout the year.

God bless you richly in your life together in the coming year. Thank you for your ongoing inspiration and your gifts of the heart.

Gratefully,

Dawn Buckwalter
Goshen, IN

Dear Sisters and Brothers at the Open Door,

As we light the Hanukkah candles, I sit with my children and try to explain to them what Hanukkah means to me and what I hope it will mean to them. It is a celebration of victory over oppression. A time of rededication. For many Jews, it is one of several holidays at which we think of our ancestors' constant struggle for survival, for the right to have lived there as they wished, without tyranny. To me it is also a time to reflect on what is going on in the world today, and what we can do to effect it. How can we juggle raising our children, enjoying material things, and trying to build a better society? It has been harder than I would have thought to separate the constant temptation of toys from my children. With so much wrong with our society, I am often at a loss as to what to do next.

I met a homeless brother in the parking lot of my child's day care center the other morning. It had been cold that night and he had a blanket wrapped around him. He did not approach me, I do not think he even saw me, but I drove my car over to him and asked if I could buy him a cup of coffee. He was confused, he was covered with fuzz from the blanket, he saw his reflection in the window of my car and became very upset at the way he looked. As I offered him a dollar, he said to me over and over, "where can I get a cup of coffee, who will serve me?" He would not take the dollar, he was right. Who would serve him! His dignity has been stolen from him by a system which does not care. And what could I do? WHAT COULD I DO??

We live in the richest country in the world!! But this nation will not feed its hungry or house its homeless. Our nation's leaders spout words of democracy and justice and then block every effort to build a just society.

We can, we must continue the struggle. The resources exist to feed all who are hungry, house the homeless, and give jobs to the unemployed. They are our resources which have been confiscated from us, we must take control of them.

By the way, this is the same parking lot where my kids and I stood with you against the anti-homeless city parking lot "trespassing" ordinance. The fact that he has been able to stand there without being arrested is a victory. Keep up your important work!!!

Towards a mass movement for Peace and Justice!!!

People Before Profits!!!

In Struggle,

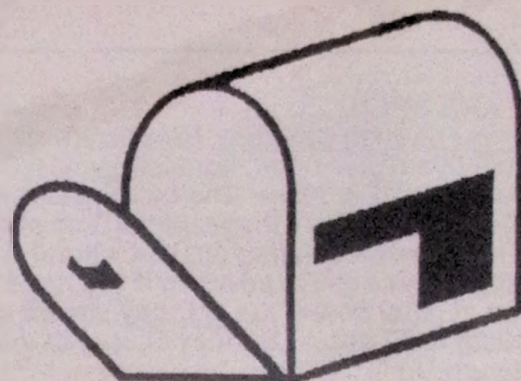
Robin Charles Singer
Atlanta, GA

Dear Hospitality,

I am always so glad to receive each issue of Hospitality. As soon as it arrives, I quickly glance through all the pages—reading articles that catch my attention right then. Then I cover it front to back! Through Hospitality I somehow feel connected to the work and ministry of the Open Door Community. You all remain in my thoughts and prayers.

Grace & Peace,

Pam Phillips
Dyersburg, TN



LETTER TO ATLANTA MAYOR BILL CAMPBELL

Dear Mayor Campbell:

I am enclosing an excerpt from the August issue of Hospitality, a publication of the Open Door Community in Atlanta. The article is regarding Underground Atlanta, and the section I have highlighted for your consideration concerns the Al Smith Park.

I recall reading a while back about Al Smith Park, and I assumed that by now it was a reality—a place where people in our city without homes could sit and rest throughout the day undisturbed. I know that physical exhaustion and sleep deprivation are some of the greatest obstacles for the homeless. I have driven by the places that serve the homeless and seen the tired men standing and waiting.

I have also enclosed a copy of a letter from the same publication regarding Dallas' "clean up" of the city for the World Cup. It reminds me of the Olympics coming to Atlanta and how the plight of the homeless will undoubtedly be worsened. They will need a place of rest more than ever.

Please let me know what has become of the park and if indeed it will ever come to be. I appreciate your consideration of this matter.

Sincerely,

Peggy L. Davis
Atlanta, GA

Dear Open Door Community:

Thanks for printing articles relating to (Warren) McCleskey as he still holds a very special place in my heart. I pray to God to continue to bless your efforts for the homeless, prisoners and others seemingly without hope. May your light shine for a long, long time.

Yours in Christ,

Carolyn Driver
Williamson, GA

Dear Friends,

I enjoy your newsletter so much. It is read from cover to cover. Thank you for the good work you do.

Yours in the Struggle,

JoAnne Lingle
Indianapolis, IN

WE ARE OPEN. . .

Monday through Saturday, telephones are answered from 9:00am until noon, from 2:00 until 6:00pm, and from 7:00 until 8:30pm. The building is open from 9:00am until 8:30pm those days (Both phone and door are not answered during our lunch break from noon until 2:00.). Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. **On Sunday we are open from 7:00am until noon.** Sunday afternoon our door is answered until 5:00pm.

OUR MINISTRY. . .

SOUP KITCHEN—Wednesday-Saturday, 11am-12 noon

SUNDAY BREAKFAST—Sunday morning at 9:10, 7:15am

BUTLER ST. CME BREAKFAST—Monday-Friday, 7:15am

SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES—Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 2-4pm (Be sure to call; schedule varies)

USE OF PHONE—Monday-Saturday, 9am-noon, 2:00pm-5pm

BIBLE STUDY—Alternate Tuesdays, 7:30-9pm.

WEEKEND RETREATS—Four times each year (for our household and volunteers/supporters), April 28-30.

Our Hospitality Ministries include: visitation and letter-writing to prisoners, anti-death penalty advocacy, advocacy for the homeless, medical services, and daily worship and weekly Eucharist.

Open Door Community Worship

We gather for worship and Eucharist at 5:00pm on Sunday evenings followed by supper together.

Please join us!

- | | |
|----------|--|
| March 5 | Worship at 910
Chuck Campbell, preaching |
| March 12 | Worship at 910
5pm Eucharist
5:45 stories from the Penn Center
Courtenay and Elizabeth Siceloff |
| March 19 | Worship at 910
Don Beisswenger, preaching |
| March 26 | Worship at 910
Murphy Davis, preaching |



Open Door Community Needs

JEANS
T-Shirts
Men's Work Shirts
Men's Underwear
Motor Vehicle
Quick Grits
Cheese
Coffee
Multi-Vitamins
MARTA Tokens
Postage Stamps
Men's Large Shoes (12-14)
Non-Aerosol Deodorant
Disposable Razors
Toothbrushes
Vaseline
Socks
Soap
Shampoo
Men's Belts
Washcloths
Sandwiches
Wed & Fri Soup Kitchen Volunteers*
Butler St. Breakfast Volunteers*

* please contact Jeannie Lukkar, Volunteer Coordinator, at 874-2120.
From 11am til 1:30pm, Monday through Saturday, our attention is focused on serving the soup kitchen and household lunch. As much as we appreciate your coming, this is a difficult time for us to receive donations. When you can come before 11 or after 1:30, it would be helpful. THANK YOU!

If you have found Hospitality helpful and would like to know more about the Open Door Community, please fill out, clip and send this coupon to **The Open Door Community • 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE • Atlanta, GA 30306-4212.**

____ Please ADD to the Hospitality mailing list.

____ Please accept my tax deductible donation to the Open Door Community.

____ I'm interested in volunteering. Please give me more information.

____ I would like to explore a six to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please send more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____, State _____ Zip _____ + _____

Phone _____

Moving?

Bulk rate mail is not forwarded by the U.S. Postal Service. Send Hospitality, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA, 30306-4212, your new mailing address as soon as you know it. Please enclose the mailing label from your most recent issue. *Thank you!*